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THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND  
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TIM FLANNIGAN;

—OR—

FUN IN A GROCERY STORE.

A FARCE,

IN ONE ACT,

—BY—

G. A. Gordinier.

—X—

9847 W' 2c

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARACTERS—  
ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE  
PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE WHOLE  
OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—X—

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—CLYDE, OHIO:—

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TIM FLANNIGAN.

—x—

P-335  
799601

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

TIM FLANNIGAN..... *An Irishman*  
FRITZ BENDER..... *A Dutchman*  
BILL WICKINS..... *A Tough*  
BOY.....  
POLICEMAN .....

—x—

COSTUMES.

Tim.—Tight blue coat with brass buttons; short pants; mashed  
plug hat.

Fritz.—Blue, short pants; dirty apron.

Bill. Costume to suit character.

Boy and Policeman. Costumes to suit characters.

—x—

TIME—20 MINUTES

TMP 96-006412

STAGE DIRECTIONS

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; C., Centre; S. E.,  
[2d E.,] Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat;  
D. F., Door in Flat; R. C., Right of Centre; L. C., Left of Centre.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

\*.\* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

# Tim Flannigan; or, Fun in a Grocery Store.

SCENE—STREET.

*Tim.* (*looking around*) Och, an this is Ameriky, is it? Faith an it's most as big as Oireland! Now me brother Moike tould me that whin Oi got to Ameriky, says he: "Now, Tim, me dear brother, whin yez git there," says he, "put on lots of stoile an' ye'll soon git to be a congrissmon." (*arranges toilet*) Faith now, how does that strike ye? Begorra, an that's good enough for onybody! Och, sure now, begorra! Oi must tell yez about me troubles. Whin Oi was on the stamer, a comin' over to see ye all, Oi got such a pain in me stumick that Oi thought Oi would niver see yez again. Begorra, Oi had to disvince wid all the grub Oi had ate in the last six months! If me fate hadn't been so big, me shoes would have wint, too. Och, begorra, Oi got as thin as a rail! There was two other lank men aboard, but, bedad, Oi was lanker as both of 'em put together. Faith now, Oi belave Oi had better be layin' in another stock. Oi feel like Oi could crawl through a crack an inch wide. Oi wonder where Oi could git something to ate. Hallo, here comes a mon! Oi'll ask him.

*Enter, BILL, L.*

—Howdy do, sor!

*Bill.* Hello! What's the matter of ye, anyway?

*Tim.* Begorra, sor, it's moighty lank Oi'm feelin'! Could ye tell me where Oi could git something to ate!

*Bill.* I reckon. Got any stuff?

*Tim.* What's that?

*Bill.* Dust, rocks, colla'eral, tin?

*Tim.* Och, sure now, and ye'll have to talk a little Ameriky before Oi can understand yez.

*Bill.* Money, then, ye gol danged idgit!

*Tim.* Begorra, now, don't ye go to callin' me any of yer smart names or we'll git mixed up in an argumint!

*Bill.* Aw, ps'aw now! Yer a gol danged fool and I can lick ye all over.

4 *TIM FLANNIGAN; OR, FUN IN A GROCERY STORE.*

*Tim.* (*pulling out shillalah*) Ye can, can ye? Begorra, Oi'll crack yer nose off of yer face!

*Bill.* Come on—I'll show ye where ye can git some hash.

*Tim.* Sh, faith now, it's none of yer trash Oi want! It's something to ate. (*going L.*)

*Bill.* Well, I'll show ye where ye can git something to eat then, fool! (*exit L.*)

*Tim.* (*following*) Look out, now, ye dirty spalpeen! Oi'm a very bad mon from Cork! (*exit L.—outside*) Begorra, Oi've killed sival men in my day.

*SCENE II—Store room—boxes and barrels R. and L.—table C.—counter L.—chairs R. and L. of table.*

*Bill.* (*outside*) Shet up, ye fool—ye'll have the cops arter ye.

*Enter, BILL and TIM, L.*

*Tim.* Now begorra, don't ye call me ony more of yer names or Oi'll crack yer noggin wid me schellalah!

*Bill.* Shet up, flannel mouth!

*Tim.* (*pulling out shillalah*) Begorra, now, you call me flammel mouth—Oi'll crack ye wid me shillalah; bedad Oi will!

*Fritz Bender.* (*outside*) Py golly, now, vot you fellah's doin' in my store fightin' here?

*Enter, FRITZ BENER, R.*

—Now, py golly, vot's de matter here, anyvay? Vot you fellahs vant?

*Bill.* Aw, none of yer sass now. Here's a mick as wants something to eat—Tim Flannigan, from Cork.

*Tim.* Och, sure now, an Oi'm none of yer micks for—(*sings*)—"Oi'm a Frinchmon jist come over from Paree."

*Bill.* Yes, I reckon.

*Fritz.* (*briskly*) Certainly, mine goot friend, certainly! I vill haf you von goot supper in schust von minute. (*exit R.*)

*Bill.* Dutchy will bring ye some hash in a jiffy.

*Tim.* Och, faith now, there's no need of so much trouble. Oi can ate out of a dish jist as well.

*Tim.* Well, who said but what he'd bring it in a dish.

*Tim.* Och, now, ye spalpeen! Wasn't yez after sayin' he'd bring it in a jiffy?

*Bill.* Well, that means in a hurry; don't yer know nothin'?

*Tim.* Well thin, that's all right; but if yez would talk Ameriky Oi could understand ye better.

*Enter, FRITZ, R., with pail.*

*Fritz.* Pill, oh, Pill! Vill you bring me some vater?

*Bill.* If there's any beer in it maybe I will.

*Fritz.* Dere ish no peer in it, see? (*tips pail over*)

*Bill.* I mean if you'll give me a glass of beer, I will.

*Fritz.* I guess better I git dot vater mineslf. (*exit R.*)

*Tim.* Begorra, if ye don't hurry up wid that grub ye'll have a corpse on yer hands.

*Fritz.* (*outside*) Yaw, yaw, schust in von minute. Here, you fellah, git ouet of dot! Py plazes, I vill preak your pack mit von of dese peskits!

*Enter, FRITZ, R.*

—Py thunder, dot old cat pelongs to dot Yacob Lautenslager jump right in mine vater—py schiminy, I vill preak her tam pack!

*Sets food, consisting of some very small, hard biscuit, on table—TIM sits L. of table.*

*Tim. (pointing to biscuit)* What's thim?

*Fritz.* Dem vas some of mine best fine peskits—schust help yourself, mine goot friend.

*Tim.* Well, if ye had hit the cat wid one of 'em, there would have been a funeral sure.

*Fritz.* Look here you! Py gracious, doan you make some lies bout mine peskits—py golly, dem ish goot peskits! Ofer, py gracious, you make fun of mine tings, you vill git hurt! Ferstay?

*Tim. (rising and pulling out shillalah)* None of yer sass there now, or Oi'll be after givin' ye a crack. *(exit, FRITZ, R.)*

*Bill.* Now looky here, Dutch, I brought you in a good customer, now give us a glass of beer.

*Fritz. (outside)* Yaw, py schimin, I tink so too! Py gracious I got dot customer mineself. Schust you keep still vonce!

*(TIM throws biscuit on floor with a loud noise)*

*Enter, FRITZ, R.*

*Fritz.* Here, py cracky—vot you fellahs doin' here? You vant to tear mine house down?

*Bill.* Tim dropped one of yer biscuits—that's all!

*Tim.* Yis, begorra, and Oi'm goin' where Oi kin git something that Oi can ate. Ye must think me stummick's a regular thrashin' machine, to ate thim rocks. Begorra, ye could load 'em in a cannon and fire 'em through a brick wall tin feet high.

*Fritz.* Py gracious, you make a lie—dem ish goot peskits!

*Tim.* Good to kill cats wid—yis! *(exit L.)*

*Fritz.* Now dot vas pad! Py gracious—dere I schust lose von of mine customers. Now, now, vot I do I likes to know?

*Bill.* Git up decent grub—that's what yer wants ter do.

*Fritz.* Vot ish dot your business anyhow? You git out of mine story, you tam mean fellah!

*Bill.* Oh, shet up! Git around here and give us a snipe.

*Fritz.* Yaw, yaw, schust in von minute! *(hands out cigar)*

*Bill.* How much for this anyway?

*Fritz.* Dot ish real cheap—five cent.

*Bill.* Cheap nothin'! How much for a glass of beer?

*Fritz.* Five cent!

*Bill.* Well, take this and give us a glass of beer. *(gives him cigar)*

*Fritz.* Certainly, certainly!

*(puts away cigar and hands out beer—BILL drinks—starts off L.)*

*Fritz.* Here, py schiminy, come pack here vonce! You doan haf paid me for dot peer.

*Bill.* Of course I didn't! Didn't I give you the cigar for it?

*Fritz.* Yaw, py schiminy, but you doan haf paid me for him.

*Bill.* Wall, I didn't take it either, did I?

*Fritz.* Nien, py gracious, you don'd haf paid me anytings.

*Bill.* Of course I didn't! I never pay for anything. I'm a peeler—that's the kind of a man I am.

6 *TIM FLANNIGAN; OR, FUN IN A GROCERY STORE.*

*Fritz.* You vas von tam mean son-of-a-gun—dot's the kind of a man you vas!

*Bill.* None of yer names now, Dutchy, or I'll crack ye! It's business, ye know.

*Fritz.* (with a sneer) Yaw, peesness, peesness! you rops a man's pare face before his pack und call dot peesness.

*Bill.* Oh, come off, Dutch, yer wild! (exit L.)

*Fritz.* Py schiminy—dot's awful, awful, awful! Efrypody vot comes mine store in cheat me all to pieces!

*Enter, Boy, L.*

*Boy.* Howdy!

*Fritz.* Now dot's von nice vay to talk to a gentlemans like me, ain'd it?

*Boy.* Oh, come off! (holds out quarter) I got some things here this morning and you give me this quarter—

*Fritz.* Pought nodings! Nefer before I sees you—nefer I haf some quarters mit holes in!

*Boy.* Yes yer did too, you gol darned old galoot! I got some things here this morning and you give me this quarter—

*Fritz.* Gif you nodings! Nefer before I sees such little poys make such pig lies! Petter you go out from mine store before I knock your hat off. Py golly, I can't stand it—little poys make such lies!

*Boy.* All right, Dutchy, all right! I'm just a quarter ahead.

(going L.)

*Fritz.* Hold on here von minute—ven I sees your pack I dinks I remember you. I tell you I love an honest poy. (takes quarter) Dot's right, mine poy, schust you keep right on and maype you'll be president some day.

*Boy.* Yes; an then you'll be comin' round a wantin' an office.

*Fritz.* You pet! I love an honest poy; come here vonce while I gives you ine nice apple.

*Goes to get apple out of barrel—boy grabs him by the leg and throws him in. FRITZ utters a series of howls and yelps—boy dances around, yelling and laughing. FRITZ finally gets out.*

—(starting after him) You git out of mine store, you mean little cuss! Py schiminy gracious—I vill knock your prains out mit mine fist! (runs him off L.—shouts after him) Don'd you come around mine store agin, you mean, little fool! I'll learn you to play your shmartz tricks on me, py golly! (crossing to R.)

*Enter, Boy, L.*

*Boy.* Gimme my apple, you old son-of-a-gun!

*Fritz.* (rushing at him) Go out from mine dignified presence before I kills you! (exit boy, L.—looks at quarter) Vell, py schiminy, I schust fix you mit some lead und you vas pooty goot yet!

*Enter, TIM, L., looking very disconsolate.*

—Timothy, Timothy, vot ish de matter? Vas she gone pack on you?

*Tim.* Och, begorra, an it's worse nor that!

*Fritz.* Vell, vot's de matter den?

*Tim.* Och, begorra, Oi wint to the hotel down the strate and long



TIM FLANNIGAN; OR, FUN IN A GROCERY STORE. 7

comes a dirty spalpeen and bet me a dollar Oi couldn't swallow a whole egg, an Oi took him up.

*Fritz.* Naw!

*Tim.* Bedad but Oi did!

*Fritz.* (*horrificed*) Und you lose your dollar?

*Tim.* No, begorra, Oi swallowed the egg!

*Fritz.* (*slapping him on the back*) Den, py schiminy, you vas a dollar ahead!

*Tim.* Yis, begorra, but if Oi go to the wake the egg'll git busted and the shell will cut holes through me; an if Oi kape still the egg will hatch an Oi'll have a chicken a pickin' me stummick to pieces.

*Fritz.* Dot makes nodings ouet! Come, Timothy, let me sell you sometings.

*Tim.* Och, go long wid ye, ye dirty spalpeen! Yez would loike to git me money mighty well, wouldn't ye?

*Fritz.* Now look here vonce, you. Nefer I let somepody talk to me like dot! Py gracious, now you go right out from mine store before I put you out on mine head, py schiminy!

*Tim.* Och, ye will, will ye, ye dirty spalpeen! Begorra, an Oi'll crack yer noggin' wid me shillalah! (*starts after him*)

*Fritz.* (*backing off*) Timothy—Timothy, you vill preak your egg! *Tim stops—puts both hands on stomach—raises eyes and groans*

*Tim.* Yis, begorra, an Oi'll break yer neck too! (*they fight*)

*Enter, BILL, L.*

*Bill.* Give it to him, Tim, give it to him! (*parts them*) Here, you fellers, live peaceable! What's aillin' ye anyway?

(*FRITZ comes forward R. H.*)

*Tim.* Begorra, sor, that blatherin' blackguard of a Dutchman was a givin' me sass an Oi was after crackin' him!

(*BILL holds him off*)

*Fitz.* (*between gasps*) Py golly—dot ish—ine goot—fella! May-pe dot Irish son-of-a-gun—kills me—ofer he don'd—vas come pooty quick—right away!

*Tim.* Jest let me git a lick at the dirty divil an Oi'll die content!

*Fitz.* Here, now, you fella! You keep vay from me now, here!

*Enter, POLICEMAN, L.*

*Policeman.* Here, what's the matter?

*Tim.* Begorra, sor, that bloody Dutchman was goin' to put me out of here, an' Oi was after givin' him a crack!

*Fritz.* Py golly, you make a lie!

*Tim.* What's that! Ye bloody divil, Oi'll be after givin' ye another crack! (*BILL and Policeman hold him*)

*Fritz.* (*backing off*) Keep him off! keep him off!

*TIM gets loose and jumps onto him—Policeman pounds them with stuffed club.*

*Enter, BOY, L., waves his arms, dances and laughs—BILL laughs. TIM suddenly stops—puts hands on his stomach and raises his eyes.*

*Tim.* O—h! Begorra, Oi've busted me egg!

(*FRITZ lies on floor—kicking his feet in the air*)

*Fritz.* Dot vas mine last kick!

(*Policeman lies on floor kicking and jerking*)

CURTAIN.

# THE COMMERCIAL DRUMMER.

---

A Drama in 3 Acts, by Thorn Melross, for 6 male and 2 female characters. This piece is immense. It is printed from the author's original manuscript, and has been produced with great success by the American Theatre Co.

## SYNOPSIS.

ACT I. Home of the late Richard Marlow. Interview between Frank Ross and Lawyer Dudley. The pious deacon and Verda Miller. Reading the will. Joe's dog collar. Richard Marlow, the false heir. The child of the Dark Continent in trouble. Three villains. "Ten thousand to silence my tongue!" Zadio, the deserted wife of John Dudley. An attempted murder. Joe's little "barker" interferes. Deacon and Joe. Frank and Verda; his resolve to become a "Commercial Drummer." Zadio gives Verda a home. Mr. Dudley's proposal to Verda, and the misunderstanding. Murder of Deacon Foote, and Frank accused. The struggle, "life or death!"

ACT II. Zadio, Verda, and the tramp. "Painted benches." "My kingdom for some soup!" Booth and Zadio. Attempted murder of Zadio; Ashtor, the tramp interferes, and makes Dudley hand over a "William." Booth and the Indian. Too much beer. The stolen will. Joe in the barrel. Target shooting. Verda's refusal to marry Dudley. Abduction of Verda, and Joe knocked down.

ACT III. Ashtor and Booth. Corn plasters; "There's millions in them!" Olie, the Swede. Zadio, the Census taker. Two "bummers!" Rescue of Verda by Zadio. Frank discovered by Richard, as Booth. "He must die!" A job for Olie. "In the soup!" Hot and cold boxes. Olie and Booth to the rescue of Zadio. Explanations. A new version of McGinty. A love scene. Capture of Verda. Supposed death of Booth. Fright and death of Dudley. Capture of Richard. Frank and Verda secure the fortune at last. Zadio avenged and the "Commercial Drummer" sells corn plasters no more.

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## THE Intelligence Office.

An original Ethiopian Sketch in 1 Scene for 3 male characters—as produced at Tony Pastor's Opera House. This sketch is extremely ludicrous—costumes modern—time in representation 15 minutes.

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NO.		M	F.	NO.		M	F.
FARCES & COMEDIETTAS.							
129	Aar-n-ag-oos.....	2	1	186	My Day and Now a Days.....	0	1
132	Actor and Servant.....	1	1	273	My Neighbor's Wife.....	3	3
12	A Capital Match.....	3	2	44	Obedience.....	1	2
166	A Texan Mother in Law.....	1	6	211	Old Clothing.....	3	0
30	A Day Well Spent.....	7	5	33	On the Sly.....	3	2
169	A Regular Fix.....	2	4	216	Ortello.....	4	1
80	Alarmingly Suspicious.....	1	3	57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5	2
78	An Awful Criminal.....	3	3	217	Patent Washing Machine.....	1	1
65	An Unwelcome Return.....	3	1	166	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6	3
31	A Pet of the Public.....	4	2	195	Poor Pilgrims.....	2	3
21	A Romantic Attachment.....	3	3	238	Prof. Bones' Latest Invention.....	5	0
123	A Thrilling Item.....	1	1	159	Quiet Family.....	4	4
20	A Ticket of Leave.....	1	2	171	Rough Diamond.....	4	3
175	Betsey Baker.....	2	2	180	Ripples.....	2	0
8	Better Halt.....	5	2	267	Room H.....	2	0
86	Black vs. White.....	1	2	48	Sch. ap.....	1	1
22	Captain Smith.....	3	3	138	Sewing Circle of P. riad.....	0	5
84	Cheek Will Win.....	3	0	115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3	3
225	Cupids Capers.....	1	4	5	Somebody's Nobody.....	3	2
19	Der Two Surprises.....	1	1	243	Sports on a Lark.....	3	0
72	Denise is in Him.....	5	1	232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	4	2
19	Did I Dream it.....	4	3	238	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2	0
12	Domesie Felicity.....	1	1	170	Stick and Skinner.....	5	0
188	Dutch Prize Fighter.....	3	0	1	Smasher and Crasher.....	5	2
220	Dutchy vs. Nigger.....	3	0	137	Taking the Census.....	1	1
118	Eh? What Did You Say.....	3	1	10	The Mysterious B'dle.....	2	2
218	Everybody Astonished.....	4	0	245	Ticket Taker.....	3	0
221	fooling with the Wrong Man.....	2	1	38	The Bewitched Closet.....	5	2
233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law.....	2	1	14	The Cigarette.....	1	2
134	Fun in a Post Office.....	4	2	161	The Counting Man.....	3	1
181	Family Discipline.....	0	1	167	Turn Him Out.....	3	2
271	Family Jars.....	5	2	68	The Sham Professor.....	1	0
209	Goose with the Golden Eggs.....	0	1	51	The Two T. J.'s.....	1	2
11	Give Me My Wife.....	3	3	253	The Best Cure.....	4	1
66	Hans, the Dutch J. P.....	3	1	28	Thirty three Next Birthday.....	4	2
271	Hans Brummel's Cafe.....	5	0	142	Tit for Tat.....	2	1
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